Wellesley College News

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Sunday, February 6. Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11.00 A.M., Dr. Cleland B. McAfee of Chicago. 7.00 P.M., Vespers. Special music.

Wednesday, February 9. Christian Association meeting. Union service, Houghton Memorial Chapel. Leader, Miss Fosdick. Organ music—Professor Hamilton.

Friday, February 11. Senior Promenade.
Glee and Mandolin Club concert, Billings Hall, 7.00 P.M.

Saturday, February 12. Russian concert, 3 P.M.
Tea dances, 3 to 5.30.
Glee Club concert, second performance, 8.00 P.M., Billings Hall.

Monday, February 14. Second semester begins.

THE STUDENT-ALUMNÆ BUILDING.

(The Pictures are Views from the Proposed Site.)

The firm of Pond and Pond of Chicago has been chosen by the Student-Alumnæ Building Committee to furnish sketches of the proposed building on the site recently granted by the Trustees, the westerly slope of College Hall Hill. The work of Pond and Pond for the most part in and near Chicago, has covered a wide range such as usually falls to architects who do not purposely limit their field and has gone beyond architecture to problems of housing, city planning, education and philanthropy. A short biography of Mr. Allen B. Pond, a member of the firm, states "No problem of Chicago life has escaped the illumination of his clear and concise thought and direct act. To this he has added a critical power of high quality, a thorough knowledge, love and understanding of all worthy forms of art."

Of all the buildings erected by the firm, the one that holds most interest for those in touch with the Wellesley problem is one but recently completed, the Student-Alumnæ Building for the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Mr. Cram wrote of this building in a personal note to Mr. Pond, as follows:

"You know that one of my fads is the development of consistent, logical and beautiful architecture in America, that is contemporary and national, and yet does not cut itself off from that architectural sequence and succession which must express the continuity of our tradition and of our culture. In everything you have done I have felt increasingly that you were achieving this personal object of my own better perhaps than anyone else in the country, and your designs for this Michigan Union assure me that I am right. Really, you know, the dignity and beauty of your design, combined with its thoroughly national and racial character, give this scheme a rather unusual place amongst the works of contemporary architects, and if your modesty prevents your congratulating the authorities in my name on what they are about to achieve, then I shall have to write them directly myself and to this end."

It has fallen to the lot of these architects to design various groups and single buildings devoted to educational and to sociological uses, and frequently the two in conjunction; such, for instance, as Hull House, the social center presided over by Miss Jane Addams, with which Messrs. Pond and Pond have been connected in professional and other ways from its very inception; and such also as Chicago Commons, whose head is Dr. Graham Taylor. Such as numerous other settlement houses and the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Training School, this latter building having received the first gold medal of honor from the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. This medal is bestowed each year under prescribed conditions upon some building which it is conceived by the jury combined perfect functioning with the highest appropriateness of design. Hence it will be noted that practicability, in such matters as kitchen layout, supply of fresh air, eye comfort, ease of operation and directness of control receives as close attention as the design of the facade itself. In fact, it is a working theory of these architects that the building must be designed from within outward; expressing on the exterior the function and character dominating within. A reasonable demonstration of such a theory is not apt to produce commonplace results; and commonplaceness, the critics generally agree, does not characterize the work of Pond and Pond, however simple the means employed or however austere the effect. The senior member of the firm was two terms president of the American Institute of Architects—the national body—and represented the institute and the government at the International Congress of Architects in Rome and Venice in the fall of 1911, addressing the body in both these places, and speaking before the Royal Institute of British Architects a few weeks later. This latter honor and privilege has come to but few American architects,—only, we believe, to Messrs. Cass, Gilbert, Thomas Hastings and Ralph Adams Cram, all of whom, as is Mr. Pond, are members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Mr. Cram being elected at the recent meeting of the Institute and Academy in Boston. Frequent reference to the work of Pond and Pond as well as contributed writings from their pens will be found in the columns of the representative architectural journals in Boston.

We are fortunate to secure for the first sketch solutions of our problem a firm that has so lately won this high praise for a building which is coming to have great importance in the student community. The unique character of our site and requirements at Wellesley call for both experience in similar problems and versatility in architectural expression.

MIDYEAR BLESSINGS.

The other day, an unwary instructor suggested that her class read a few chapters ahead, during the midyear "vacation." And the class groaned, as one tortured soul, "Vacation!"

Well, isn't the examination-time a recess, in some ways? And wouldn't it be refreshingly original for girls to stop shivering and gnashing their mental teeth at its approach, just once, and count their midyear blessings? Evil or no evil, it is a firm fact. It couldn't hurt, and it might possibly help, to play "Pollyanna"—if you play hard enough, with a systematic determination to get your clouds turned inside out (silver linings, you know!).

Of course, it is hard to see anything "true, useful, or helpfully beautiful" in spending cramped hours over a paper, or a handful of semester notes. And if I even suggest that there may be a joy in constituting yourself an intellectual clearing-house for the nonce, and in straightening out your mind's top-bureau-drawer of miscellaneous information, you will probably lay down my would-be helpful words with scorn and incredulity. And so I won't; President Pendleton has already reminded us, anyway, that examinations are really an opportunity.

What, then, are these hidden blessings? First, there is the blessed relief from routine. No matter how many examinations you have, free days are left out of the two-weeks period—free from classes and bells, and daily studying; free to take long swinging walks in the January cold, to skate (we hope for ice!), to go to bed early, to mend that dress you tore right after Christmas; to read the books that wait patiently for your attention, and to cultivate your friends anew. No one, not even the loftiest scholar, studies all the time; and midyears is a sociable event, with its teas and time, you admit.

Just count the blessings we've stumbled on, already, in the course of a mere rambling thought. There is one more, too, that is a very real one—and that is the morning organ music. Listening in the friendly quiet of our chapel, we might almost wish midyears came ottener.

ESPECIALLY FOR 1919.

The Freshman-Sophomore debate, last Friday night, resulted in 1919's victory. This gives evidence to the fact that some Freshmen, at least, are well-grounded in the principles of forensic writing." The delivery of '19's team was fine, the rebuttal excellent, showing wonderfully quick thought and clever turning. The main argument, however, was less stable. In the minds of the speakers, no doubt, the argument was clear, but we in the audience, while appreciating the strength of most of the points, were able to comprehend them in fragmentary bits only, due to lack of proper rounding out and summing up. The impression was blurred, whereas the affirmative, benefiting from their classes in composition, gave a perfectly clear and precise idea. We do not mean, for a moment, to criticise the debaters. Our purpose is to show the advantages which forensic work affords. To the debaters on 1919's team this practise in organization and clear presentation would be invaluable as a complementary asset to their already acquired skill in detecting fallacies, and turning seeming adverse arguments to their own advantage. But to those who revel not in "word-wars," who care not for such battles of wits, the advantages from English composition 2, 3 or 4 are also very great. The training afforded in the massing of material in coherent groups, in the logical progressing from point to point, in definitely expressing and clinching the point, this is what one acquires almost involuntarily in the Sophomore composition courses. We who have had Sophomore composition, may outwardly rejoice with you that you will not have to do what we have labored under and over; but we inwardly pity you because some one doesn't require you to take a course which we are sure will be inestimably valuable to you. If you really are desirous of self-improvement, and of becoming the best that College can make you, take, if possible, an argumentation course your Sophomore year.

WILLING A WAY.

For over a year the big organizations for War Relief Work have been conducting their campaigns for contributions to supply the most obvious needs of the sufferers in Europe. Their task is not yet completed, and has been constantly augmented by additional demands which were less apparent at first but are now none the less deserving.

Some of these minor problems of relief have recently come to the notice of our college community. Aside from being opportunities to give aid, they are especially appealing because their machinery of giving is so simple and direct that contributions through them promise the satisfaction that comes from a personal gift. Besides, since we are among the first to hear of these requests, it would be a privilege to be among the pioneers.

But the very number of these demands only complicates further our duty toward the war victims. How can we justly support one cause and not the other, or shall our "substance" be divided, we ask ourselves, for it is impossible for each girl to support all the causes. Evidently we need to be reminded that there are additional ways of showing sympathy than by means of gifts. Given the advantage of hearing the appeals first, why not spread the news to friends "back home?" They, too, will appreciate a chance to render this more personal service, and from their larger sphere of resources make a generous response.

This is but one solution to the "giving problem." And it is only fair to our best selves, and to those sincere groups of people who are endeavoring to alleviate suffering, that we should try to do our part to respond.

RECEPTION FOR MR. AND MRS. GREENE.

On Saturday evening, January 29, the "Great Hall" of Tower Court was the scene of a most enjoyable reception which Miss Davis gave for the Senior Class, its honorary member and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Farnham Greene.

After singing many of the Wellesley songs, a musical program was given by Hazel Watts, Rachel Donovan, Helen Kennedy and Laura Jennings; and since Miss Davis kindly extended the music hour, the class danced with itself the remainder of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene and Miss Davis were lustily cheered and sung when the party broke up; and now the Seniors are hoping for another such chance to meet their brother and sister.

APPOINTMENT BUREAU TALK.

At the Senior Class meeting, Friday evening, January 28, Miss Mary Caswell gave an interesting and instructive talk on the workings of the Appointment Bureau. She showed how varied were the positions to be filled and gave some statistics concerning appointments made and salaries received.

In closing, Miss Caswell left a very profitable piece of advice when she urged the girls to apply for every position which was at all similar to the work they intend to do. It is always easy to refuse a position if it does not prove satisfactory and it is most advisable to have as many possibilities open as can be found.

ALL-COLLEGE MASQUERADE.

Last Saturday night at the Barn, a great many girls from all classes joined in an all-college masquerade competition. Of course there was dancing, to the tune of a fine "man-orchestra." In the midst of the dancing, a ghastly group of individuals poured in—the Klu Klux Klan—from the Maples. On the stage was represented the latest copy of Vogue. The front cover was a very attractive design of a sport costume; the rear cover an advertisement of a "real-live" automobile. Within its covers were represented all varieties of spring coats, hats, tea dresses and suits in the latest style. Then each girl filed past the judges to be inspected. Humpty Dumpty was adjudged victor in the matter of costume. The refreshments consisted of candy sticks and the excellent music.

NORTHFIELD LEAGUE MEETING.

Miss Harriet Broad of the Boston Y. W. C. A., Miss Porter of the Boston Vincent Club, Miss Mary Fay, chairman, and Helen Doremus, Wellesley, 1916, were among the speakers at a fellowship meeting of the Boston Northfield League of conference girls and the Boston Northfield Club of former seminary girls, held in Boston on January 29. Mr. W. R. Moody of Northfield made an address.

MRS. DURYEA'S TALK.

At the Phi Sigma House, Friday afternoon, January 28, Mrs. Duryea described conditions among the refugees in Northern France in a manner so vivid that those of us who heard her felt a sense of shame at our apathy of late toward the suffering entailed by the war. Mrs. Duryea has been a resident in France for many years and was at Dinard when the war broke out. Since that time she has been engaged in relief work among the soldiers in the hospitals and the refugees. She told us something of this great work which has assumed enormous proportions and which, nevertheless, is so organized that everything, whether money or supplies, sent to her is put to the work for which it is given with a minimum of red tape, wasted time and needless expense. She praised the generous, whole-hearted response of America to her appeal published in a New York paper at the beginning of the war—and then she spoke of the waning of our enthusiasm and the consequent falling off of our contributions to relief work of all kinds.

Such stories as that of the odd little paper-collared grocer who earned so large a sum for the work by reciting "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," have in them something of rebuke to us who, having much, give so very little. Mrs. Duryea's appeal is not so much for money as for little things, odds and ends which mean almost nothing to us and which have the power to bring a great deal of comfort into the lives of those to whom the war has brought suffering. Surely we can meet the need and help in this work which Mrs. Duryea herself describes as follows:

A Plea for "Those Who Sit in Darkness, and in the Shadow of Death."

At dawn from the Depot des Isolés, Paris, there marched away every Friday morning, six hundred heroes. They have been months in fetid hospitals and return to their former life of last winter, buried, like prehistoric men, deep in the frozen earth, under screaming shells, facing death every moment. Their horizon is bounded by mud-caked walls. Their uniforms are patched and faded. Had they candles they could forget the slow hours by games; see one another's faces; feel less lost in a forgotten world of blackness and isolation.

Do up in stout brown paper, a candle, a pair of socks, penknife, a roll of twine, trouser buttons, thread and needles, a handkerchief and soap. In this packet put a postal card addressed to yourself, in an envelope addressed to "Sècour Duryea, 111 Ave., Victor Hugo, Paris. Then address the packet to Duryea, care of Miss Schemerhorn, 969 Park Ave., New York City. You will then get a note direct from the soldier, a charming souvenir of the good wrought by your compassion.

Then the babies—remember them and their little mothers who lie beneath remnants of their bombarded homes, not knowing whether husband and father is living or dead. Miss Davis of Tower Court has a complete layette to show you as a model, made of cheap flannelette. You can make one in three hours, and surely, in the midst of our happy, sheltered lives, there is time for this. You will sleep the better for knowing that somewhere in far-away France, where the great struggle goes on, that because of you, a baby is warm and a young mother is comforted.

Address these layettes, after putting them all in a wooden case with list and the same postal card in an envelope as directed above in each bundle, to Duryea, care of War Relief Clearing House, 133 Charlton St., New York City.

Please give, I beg as their proxy, give.

A REMINDER.

In responding to the increasing number of calls made upon us, let us remember that the demand upon our time, strength, and money may not be so heavy as at first appears. The service is rather one of remembering that the things of no essential value to us, may be of very great value to another.

In the light of this, let us not forget our promise to Mr. Masefield of a house campaign to fill a box with cast-off toys and games, with pencils, paper, envelopes, candles and strings. Cinderella's Fairy Godmother can't compete with the magic Wellesley's willing hearts and ready hands can weave by transforming cast-off nothings into priceless treasures for the soldiers in the trenches.

Olive Davis.

ART TEA.

Friends of the Art Department, especially of the members of Courses 5 and 16, had the privilege, Saturday afternoon, January 29, of seeing the work done in those courses during the semester. Some excellent models of heads, dragons, gargoyles and conventional borders were exhibited in the clay-modeling room. The drawings from sculpture, in charcoal, showed a great deal of individuality and talent. The work in designing was unusually interesting this year because of the color-study worked into silk all-over designing, animal and spacing patterns. Among other new ideas were some line-studies designed as patterns for tapestry. Refreshments were served to the guests.

ADDITIONS TO THE COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

The Department of English Literature desires to acknowledge the following contributions to the Wellesley collection of autographs:

Oliver Wendell Holmes, from Miss Edith True.
Thomas D. Seymour, from Miss Lockwood.

General Armstrong
Bishop Whipple
Adeline D. T. Whitney
} from Miss Homans.

Zona Gale
Zephine Humphrey Fohnestock
} from Miss Scudder

Thomas Miners
Irving B. Richman
A. Lawrence Lowell
Lyman Abbott
Richard Watson Gilder
Edward Everett Hale
William Lawrence
Henry Cabot Lodge
Charles W. Eliot
Hugo Munsterberg
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.
} from Miss Hazard.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

To J. L. Walton, Esq.,
17 Leine St., City.

Chiswick, The Mall,
June 16, '67.

My dear Walton:—A mere languid complacency seems to me more dangerous than almost any other mood could be. At any rate, I pledge myself, though I am a very busy man, to hang back in no way if any one will answer your question and mine of "What is to be done."

I am, dear sir (with many thanks),
Yours faithfully,
William Morris.

LOST.

A black leather note-book which is very precious to the owner! Please return to Elizabeth King, 1919.

PHI BETA KAPPA LECTURE.

"Biography" was the subject of the Phi Beta Kappa lecture given by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer at Billings Hall, Thursday, January 27, at 8.00, P.M. Mr. Thayer described Biography as the key to the best society the world has known,"—the "best society" consisting, not of those highest in rank, but of those men and women who have emerged from the crowd. Biography has made live for us again great heroes who had been mummified by history. They have been stripped of the too-great consistency imposed upon them by a mistaken idealization, and endeared to us by their very human failings and inconsistencies. The Washington whom history portrays to us as a steadfastly self-controlled man, Biography reveals as one who could, on occasion, "swear like an angel from heaven." No great man is too great to receive us into his real life, and let us share the intimate concerns of his every-day life, as well as the glory of his public career.

Besides giving us the charm and individuality of the man himself, Biography takes us into the midst of the life of his times, showing its richness and variety, its pretences and its real values. By giving us a human setting for history, it vivifies the past, and gives pertinence to the teachings of prophets and kings. It shows us as human the sources of the great movements which have shaped history. Its concern is not with the surface of events, but with the depths and heights of life.

The primary interest of Biography is in the individual. Therefore, a great historical figure is not necessary for a great Biography. An obscure person with a vivid personality, with freshness and individuality, can become the subject of a great Biography.

But if a great subject is not needed, a great biographer is, and they are more rare than poets. For the art of Biography requires, in addition to the artist's creative ability, a combination of three rare qualities: Detachment, which insures fairness, knowledge, sympathetic imagination. Equally with other arts, it demands totality. It must show, as far as possible, the natural unfolding of one art from another. It must so subordinate the habitual four-fifths of the subject's life to the distinctive one-fifth as to show the spontaneity of that one-fifth as the determining factor, without submerging utterly the normal traits. Totality is to literature what symmetry is to art. And in the last analysis, as is the case with any literature, it is the literary quality of the Biography which accounts largely for its distinction.

Compared with fiction, Biography is both at an advantage and at a disadvantage. As to the former it can use nothing that is not true—it can bridge over no missing links, illuminate no uncertain places. On the other hand, it can create no characters comparable to those of Biography. Its range is limited to heroes of man's creation. The biographer has life itself for material, and the greatest men of all time for his subject.

Towards the close of his lecture, Mr. Thayer touched briefly upon "Autobiography." To some people, he said, autobiography is distasteful because it seems self-conceited. This is not always the case—often it is only the result of the writer's need for self-expression. Sometimes, it is true, autobiography does indicate self-conceit. But self-conceit seems necessary for the development of some talents, as the secretion in an oyster is necessary for the growth of the pearl—and we can overlook a good deal for the sake of a pearl.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

On Friday evening, January 28, in Billings Hall, the Freshman debating team met and defeated the Sophomore team, the question for discussion being, "Resolved: That for women co-education is preferable to the segregation of the sexes in the higher institutions of learning." The Sophomore team, which argued the affirmative of the question was composed of Anna Paton, Daisy Atterbury and Dorothy Glenn, with Katherine Moller, Helen Broe and Bessie Mead as alternates. The Freshmen were represented by Therese Strauss, Helen Merrell and Isabel Boyd as speakers, and Elizabeth Zulauf, Frances Whitney and Vera Hemenway as alternates.

In spite of the fact that the judges, Mrs. Magee and Miss Perkins of the English Composition Department and Professor Harry Tosdal of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, rendered the decision unanimously in favor of the negative, the debate was a remarkably close one. Both the affirmative and negative arguments were extremely well-developed and logical, the affirmative showing the clearer organization. However, in the rebuttal the negative team evinced an alertness of thought and quickness of retort which probably won for them the debate. The delivery and stage presence of the speakers deserved especial notice, the Sophomores presenting their case with a satisfying deliberation, while the Freshman argument, although a little too rhetorical, was so vigorous as to make the debate most interesting and animated.

FACULTY RECITAL.

Miss Blanche F. Brocklebank, Pianist.
Miss Mima B. Montgomery, Soprano.

Thursday, January 27, 1916, at 4.30, P.M. at Billings Hall.

PROGRAM

Etude in E major, Op. 10, No. 3
Etude in F minor, Op. 25, No. 2
Waltz in A flat major, Op. 34, No. 1 } Chopin

Miss Brocklebank

Die Lotosblume ..... Schumann
Ein Traum ..... Grieg
Coucher de Soleil ..... Lenormand
Il est doux, il est bon (Herodiade) ..... Massenet

Miss Montgomery

Reverie ..... Debussy
"Man lebt einmal" ..... Strauss-Tausig

Miss Brocklebank

Aghadoe ..... Chadwick
Prelude (A Cycle of Life) ..... Ronald
Japanese Death Song ..... Sharp

Miss Montgomery

FACULTY NOTE.

Miss Alice V. Waite, Dean of the College, was the guest of the New York Wellesley Club, last Saturday, January 22, and made an address in every way worthy of her effective climax, the $150,000 gift for the new Administration Building. Professor Kendall spoke also, and made another impressive and delightful speech at the Cosmopolitan Club a little later.

M. C.

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

A VALENTINE.

You've lost somewhat the freshness of your youth,
Your garb is worn and dingy, of a truth,
No outer beauty yours, no pride of dress,
Your charm 'twere hard to designate—unless,
You have a title, to be sure, and store
Of treasured wisdom which is vastly more.
For these, although they say you're "on the shelf"
They seek you. Ah, but I—I love yourself.
Come with me, do; Oh, give me but one look.
I want you so—why be reserved, fair Book?

When I was very young indeed,
And wore a "Mother Hubbard"
I went to school in winter time
Coated, capped and rubbered.

But now that I am old and wise,
I go without a hat
And walk to school in dancing pumps—
And get the grippe, at that!

AFTERMATH.

Jane came to College
In the fall, in the fall,
She wasn't after knowledge,
Not at all, not at all.
So she danced and she tea'd,
Saw each play—she did indeed—
And the term went by with speed,
That was all.

We lost our little Jane,
After math, after math,
And we fear her papa's pain,
And his wrath, and his wrath.
While she danced and she tea'd
She forgot—she did indeed—
What would be her rightful meed
After math!

WISH.

I think that I should like to be,
A sprawly, twisty appletree.
A poplar tree is better looking,
But I like apples best for cooking.
Who ever heard of poplar pie?
You never did, I guess, nor I.

L'ENVOI.

I guess I will not get a prize
For this poor stuff.
But if I'm all the one that trize,
Then that's enough. H. A., 1917.

BOARD OR BROAD.

I.

This is a very sorry tale, and how it came to be.

II

Once was a portly Freshman, who narrow walks deplored,
She thought that the authorities should add another board.

III.

And every day she trotted forth from village up to Ad.
Building and back again, and wept because the walks were bad.
The heartlessness of three slim boards! This made her feel quite sad.

IV.

"Why should the world be thus?" she cried. "Why is the walk so thin
And I so fat? The saddest thing is that it might have been,
And never was. In falling off, I always bark my shin.
To treat a poor fat Freshman so, I think a dreadful sin."

V.

Along there came a "faculty" with consequential stride.
The pensive, strolling Freshman she with eagle eye espied.
They could not pass—alack a-day—the Freshman was too wide.
The other a professor, and quite too dignified.
She said unto the Freshman, "Why don't you step aside?"

VI.

Then lay the Freshman humbly down, and said "O teacher sweet
I could not hoist me up again, your mercy I entreat.
'Tis slippery, and I never could accomplish such a feat,
Pray walk on me." The other did. 'Tis useless to repeat
That the Freshman thought the boards too few, but she would not be beat,
So she put in her petition on a Pop-the-question sheet.

M. E. C., 1919.

MIDYEAR MUSIC, 1916.

February 8.

Melody in F.....Moszkowski
Capriccio.....Lemaigre
Priests' March from "Athalia"....Mendelssohn

February 9.

Prelude in G.....Hollins
At Twilight.....Stebbins
Gavotte in D.....Bach

February 10.

Grave and Adagio from Second Sonata, Mendelssohn
Offertoire in E flat.....Batiste

February 11.

Elegie.....Nollet
The Lark's Song.....Tchaikovski
Toccata.....Dubois

February 12.

Berceuse.....Guilmant
College Songs.
C. G. Hamilton, Organist.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.

The chapel services Sunday morning were conducted by Dr. Slocum of Colorado University, his text, "Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast your pearls before swine." He emphasized the necessity of keeping our ideals high, of not lowering our moral standards for the sake of those who are around us. We must have firm ground for our feet, self-assurance and a great measure of independence are necessary for our realization of our highest ideals. We are here to find out what we can do, and what we can give to the world, in whatever station we occupy. We should study our possibilities, and strive for firm standards, that when we are called upon, we may act according to the best that is within us.

MUSICAL VESPERS.

SERVICE LIST.

Service Prelude.
Processional: "The Shadows of the Evening Hour." Crawford
Invocation.
Hymn 810: "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven."
Service Anthem: "Hark, Hark, My Soul." H. R. Shelley (with harp and organ accompaniment.)
Psalm: (Selection 17) Gloria Patri.
Scripture Lesson: Read by Miss Pendleton.
Prayer.
Organ: "At Evening." Ralph Kinder
Harp: "Prière." Hasselmans
Violoncello: "Andante Religioso." Thomé
Choir: "The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare." E. Batiste
(With harp, violoncello and organ accompaniment.)
Prayers: (With choral responses).
Recessional: "Sing Alleluia Forth." H. C. M.

The Wellesley College Choir was assisted by Miss Marguerite Gilman, harp and Mr. Frank Porter, violoncello. Soloists: Miss Howes and Miss Jennings. Professor Macdougall, organist.

INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY COMPETITION.

The first Intercollegiate Competition of the Association of Northern College Magazines will take place about the month of March. Wellesley has been asked to enter the competition, and the editors of the MAGAZINE, feeling that this is an opportunity for stimulating interest in writing at Wellesley and for matching our ability against the ability of other men's and women's colleges, have accepted the invitation. Wellesley's success will depend on the initiative and interest of the student body. The MAGAZINE Board solicits contributions from the entire College. From the articles and poems handed in the Board will select those to be sent in. The conditions of the contest are as follows: The contest is to be divided into four departments; verse, essays, stories and plays, and to the college paper winning in each of these groups a cup is to be awarded and held by it until the next Competition. The articles are to be submitted anonymously in typewritten form with the name of the author and the paper attached in a sealed envelope. Our College MAGAZINE is asked to present one article in each department, these to be judged by three well-known writers.

The competition has been organized to stimulate interest in writing among the college students and to help maintain a literary standard through friendly rivalry.

The exact time-limit for this event cannot yet be determined, but further details will be printed and meanwhile all students are urged to be thinking and working. Contributions are to be sent to K. C. Balderston, 311 Tower Court.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The village and campus members, together, enjoyed a talk on Santa Teresa, the Spanish saint, given by Miss Bushee on Wednesday evening, January 26, in Billings Hall. Miss Bushee pointed out several references to Spain, in Romans, and other books of the Bible. Santa Teresa, who was born in the first part of the sixteenth century, was lively as a child. She loved stories of knights and their chivalry, and was fond of pleasure, yet she always felt that she was not making the best of her life. It was after a severe illness that she decided to change her attitude toward life, and to go into a convent. Soon the bad conditions and concealed wickedness of the convents influenced her to take up her life work,—the building up and improving of convents all over the country.

The many remarkable qualities which she possessed made her equal to her great task. Her hard-headedness enabled her, as a business woman, to meet men of all sorts and degrees,—and always successfully. She went about her dealings tactfully, for she understood human nature. Her happy disposition made her beloved; common sense combined with a lively humor to make her a favorite. Moreover, Spanish mysticism dominated her religion, taking the form often of mental visions.

Her personality, with her strong intellect, stands out vividly in her books, which tell of her life of prayer, interpret the Lord's Prayer, and explain her visions. Many of her poems, also, are beautiful. Among her letters we find messages such as "Let not your soul coop itself up in a corner." To one friend she wrote, "The Lord has given us the tongue of the learned. We must remember to use it, and speak a word in season to him that is weary."

CURIOSITY AND THE SOUL OF AMERICA.

No, this is not a mistake; we asked the printer to do it this way. If you have sufficient curiosity to turn your NEWS upside down, why not enough to find out what it is really all about? Florence Glover can tell you; she spent Christmas vacation at Denison House. Perhaps you too, like Francis Hackett, may find the soul of America.

FRANCIS HACKETT IN "THE NEW REPUBLIC."

"America dawned for me in a social settlement. It dawned for me as a civilization and a faith. In all my first experiences with my employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and an alien tongue. . . Till I knew a social settlement the American flag was still a flag on a circus tent, a gay flag, but cheap. The cheapness of the United States was the message of the quick lunch and the boarding-house, of vaudeville and Coney Island and the Sunday newspaper, of the promenade on Broadway. In the social settlement I came on something entirely different. Here on the ash-heap of Chicago, was the blossom of something besides success. . . It was the first place in all America where there came to me a sense of the intention of democracy, the first place where I found a flame by which the melting pot melts. I heard queer words about it. . . The ruling class spoke of "unsettle workers" with animosity, the socialists of a mealy-mouthed compromise. Yet in that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking—the knowledge that America had a soul."—"As an Alien Feels," "The New Republic," July 24, 1915.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

ENGAGEMENTS.

'14. Madeline H. Steele, formerly of 1914, to James A. Heacock of Gloversville, N. Y.

'15. Linda McLain to Lester D. Hawkridge, Dartmouth, 1911, brother of Winifred Hawkridge, 1906, and Emma Hawkridge, 1910.

BIRTHS.

'03. On January 23, a son, John Varick, to Mrs. Alexander H. Gunn (Harriet B. Willcox).

'06. On November 6, 1915, at Andover, Mass., a son, David Martin, to Mrs. Horace M. Poynter (Elsie Pitkin).

'09. On December 6, 1915, in Portland, Ore., a daughter, Ann Eliza, to Mrs. Joseph E. Withrow (Beulah Buckley).

'12. On Christmas Day, 1915, a son, Richard William, Jr., to Mrs. Richard W. Eaton (Edith D. Allyn).

'12. On December 26, 1915, a daughter, Eleanor Robertson, to Mrs. Homer H. Van Hagan (Jean E. Robertson).

DEATHS.

At Fall River, Mass., on January 20, Clara Fay Buck, 1892.

At Wilmington, Del., on January 18, Samuel W. McCaulley, father of Martha G. McCaulley, 1892, and of Elizabeth McCaulley, 1901.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

'85. Mrs. Franklin E. Bowles (Sara Coolidge), to 157 Race St., Denver, Colo.

'96. Mrs. Charles T. Van Winkle (Elva Young), to 38 Clarendon St., Springfield, Mass.

'09. Mrs. Joseph E. Withrow (Beulah Buckley), to 530 Vista Ave., Portland, Ore.

FACULTY NOTE.

The present address of Miss Margaret E. Stratton, Dean of the College, 1895-'99, is The Adair, Corner of Villa and Madison Sts., Pasadena, Calif., whence Miss Stratton and Mrs. Manly send greetings to Wellesley friends.

DEATH OF DR. GRACE E. COOLEY.

Word has come to the College that Dr. Grace E. Cooley, instructor in botany, '83-'96, associate professor, '96-'04, died on Thursday, January 26, in the St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, New Jersey. Miss Cooley has been seriously ill for some weeks, and it became evident at least two weeks ago that the illness must be mortal. For some days preceding her death, she was but dimly conscious of the friends about her and their ministrations. The interment will be at Blue Hill, Me.

No one who knew Dr. Cooley at Wellesley will be surprised to hear that she has filled a large place during her ten years of service in the high school of Newark, N. J., and that through her death, the school suffers a much deplored loss.

A WELLESLEY WOMAN OF DISTINCTION.

Even concerning some of our most gifted and distinguished Alumnæ, one finds a good deal of vagueness not only among those to whom merely the name is familiar, but also not infrequently among acquaintances and friends. "She's quite wonderful, isn't she? What is it, exactly, that she does?" In the case of Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, Wellesley, '88, The University of Chicago, Ph.D., 1901, J.D., 1903, this fact is not so strange in that "exactly what she does" is almost more difficult to register accurately than what she does not, in ways of public service and "civic loyalties" of many kinds.

Possibly her interest in community problems began as far back as her Sunday classes for the factory folk in Charles River village, when a student at Wellesley. Certainly at no period in her life has she been without a vivid consciousness of human need and a rarely keen perception of when and how to meet it. If I may be pardoned for a personal incident in a column fashioned for more strictly informational purposes, I should like to illustrate this power of quick, natural giving. It was in Chicago, when a friend who had not seen her for a long time was walking with her through the crowds on State Street. Absorbed in recounting what had happened since they last met, the friend talked on quite oblivious to time and place, until a slight irregularity in Miss Breckenridge's response made her turn to look at her. She was carrying on one arm a small baby, not too immaculate as to garments, but serene and smiling as a baby should be. Behind trudged the Italian mother, quite content. "When did you get that?" gasped the friend in amazement, as to the best of her knowledge no break in the conversation had occurred. "Oh, a few minutes ago. The mother had too many bundles—I just took it. Go on with what you were telling."

Miss Breckinridge's present official titles, Assistant Dean of Women and Assistant Professor of Social Economy at the University of Chicago, Director of the Department of Social Investigation at the School of Civics and Philanthropy, Vice-president of the National Intercollegiate Equal Suffrage Association, Secretary of the Immigrants' Protective League and Treasurer of the National Woman's Peace Party, indicate only the main lines, educational, administrative and civic, which her activities have taken during the last ten years. As early as 1906 she made a stirring address before the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, which practically committed the federation to the Woman's Trade Union Movement. As a result, twenty thousand members of the clubs in the state advocated a program for

(1) A comprehensive investigation into the working conditions of girls, women and children.

(2) State laws requiring factories to pass laws for the installing of protection from dangerous machinery, and

(3) A "trade-school movement" for girls similar to the one in Massachusetts.

Later in 1908, when the Woman's Trade Union League became interested in the problem of the unprotected immigrants of Chicago, an investigation was made resulting in the formation of a new organization called the Immigrant's Protective League. Of this Miss Breckinridge was director, as well as secretary, until the directorship was taken over by Miss Grace Abbott of Hull House. This league, which has grown from a small room group of interested people to the occupancy of an entire building, takes charge of the distribution of one-half of all the immigrants who come into the city.

In the same year, 1908, Miss Breckinridge was made director of the new department of social investigation in the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, established and carried on by the Russell Sage Foundation of New York. It is in this connection that some of her most valuable work has been done—not only in the attempt to "develop methods of teaching and study which shall send the charity worker into the field as well-trained as the lawyer, the doctor, or the nurse,"* but in the special investigations carried on with her colleague, Miss Edith Abbott, the second director of research work at the school. The first of these investigations was that of the Juvenile Court in relation to delinquent children ("The Delinquent Child and the Home," 1911); the second as to the administration of housing ordinances ("The Housing Problem in Chicago," published in "The American Journal of Sociology," 1911); and the third, soon to be published by the University of Chicago Press, is a study of "Truancy."

The Juvenile Court inquiry was especially valuable, since it was undertaken at the close of the first ten years of this pioneer court's history at a time when in many other places the "Juvenile Court idea" was only just taking root.

Miss Breckinridge's interest in equal suffrage is well known, as she was vice-president of the National Association in 1911-'12, and is now one of the vice-presidents of the National Intercollegiate Association. It is perhaps not as well known that besides many suffrage addresses, she has contributed in a most practical way to the cause by editing a "Handbook for Voters," written by Miss Alice Greenacre, also of the University of Chicago, setting forth the meaning of the vote for women. Beginning with the fundamental problems of citizenship and showing the steps by which naturalization can be obtained, it goes on to detail the powers of voters with reference to each branch of government. This book, primarily intended for Illinois women just after they received partial franchise in 1912, "happens," says a prominent Chicago man, "to be quite as well suited to the needs of men!" The quickness with which the book appeared, while others were considering what would best be done about the new situation, was a surprise to those who did not know its editor.

Not only political and economic issues, but some of Chicago's peculiar educational problems have concerned Miss Breckinridge deeply. When the school case of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young first arose, following her temporary forced retirement from her office of Superintendent of Schools, it may be remembered that "nine wise women of Chicago" called upon Mayor Harrison to demand executive action for the disruption of the school board. Later they took their plea before the assembled women of the city in the cause of the woman who had been one of the foremost educators of the United States. Miss Breckinridge was one of the nine. That their request for action bore fruit is now a matter of history.

Other interests of Miss Breckinridge's are the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, of which she was general secretary for several years, and the Chicago City Club, of which she was president in 1912-'13. To the publications mentioned in connection with social investigations, should be added an earlier book, "Legal Tender, a Study of American Monetary History," 1901; and a later one, "The Modern Household," 1912, written in collaboration with Miss Marion Talbot, Dean of Women of the University of Chicago.

The record of this widely varied and generous service would be incomplete without mention of less commonly championed causes in which Miss Breckinridge has borne an active part. Often she has had to show that "lovely civic courage" of which William James speaks in his essay on Robert Gould Shaw, whose choice of loyalties the bronze relief of St. Gaudens commemorates. For a number of years now Miss Breckinridge has spent her winter "quarters" of absence from the University at Hull House, identifying herself with its life and the spirit of its work. A year ago this January, when six alleged rioters were arrested for disorderly street conduct, after leaving a meeting at Hull House, she went with them to court. Her picture appeared with theirs in the morning papers. Her testimony, freely offered in their behalf, helped to clear a difficult case. And when they were acquitted, she found ways to follow them up with aid of which they were in need. Later, in the spring, she went as one of the Woman's Peace Party delegates to The Hague. There, as it happened, a large share of the business of framing the resolutions presented to the Congress fell to the American group. "No one," says one of the foremost delegates, "was more able or efficient in this

*Miss Edith Abbott, "The World To-day," April, 1911, pages 444-447

than Miss Breckinridge." Her fine legal training and her clear, incisive habit of thought made her an unquestionable asset to the constructive side of one of the most unique and significant, though not widely supported, movements of our time.

JOSEPHINE H. BATCHELDER.

WELLESLEY GIRLS WANTED.

In an old chest of my mother's, the other day, I found an autographed photograph of Alice Freeman Palmer, and a long letter written by Mr. Durant to my mother in 1880. The pages of faded, brown secretarial script, corrected and signed in Mr. Durant's own illegible hand, unfolded a scheme for starting a women's college in South India,—a college which, according to his delightfully transparent description, should be a second Wellesley for Indian girls. The letter closed with the generous offer: "You start the college, and we will send you all the Wellesley women you want for teachers."

A week later I took the letter into Madras to show to the principal of that dream-college, which has just become a reality after thirty-five years.

"Why!" she gasped. "That was written before most of our staff were born!" And indeed, the yellow pages, read in those surroundings, revealed to us much of the writer's own fire and vision which no mere matter of miles could limit. I viewed the new college with a new sense of "belonging," since the same great spirit who saw Wellesley, saw Madras Women's College.

Many who were at Wellesley, last spring, will remember Miss McDougall, who, in a five-minute chapel talk and one brief reception, impressed a great number of us with her plans for this new sister-college. It was at her side that I sat down to lunch at the semi-circular head-table, that day in Madras, and looked down the two long tables at the girls in their pretty draperies, eating their rice and curry daintily with the fingers of their right hands. Their informality and excited chatter were so entirely college-like that I would have given up the honor of a seat at the president's table to be able to join in and say:

"Yes, I flunked too. Wasn't it dreadful?"

There are forty girls at the college,—members of all four classes, for some have been silent attenders at the men's lectures in the Presidency College. More than half are resident students. The rest arrive in rickshaws, carriages, carts and motors from all parts of the city every morning. There are the fair-skinned, broad-browed girls of high-caste extraction,—six with the round black or red mark of Hindu belief on their foreheads. One of these is a Brahmin wife and mother, for the Brahmin girl's ambitions can never postpone her twelve-year-old marriage. Christian missions may be proudest, perhaps, of the darker skinned students, who have risen, in only one or two generations, from the despised degradation of the pariah hamlet in some village. Between these two extremes are many middle-class students and a few Anglo-Indians,—and all are alike in the democracy of study and ambition.

In itself Madras College, with its sister, Isabella Thoburn College far away in the north, is the most un-Indian thing in India. Here and there in cities one finds ever-increasing groups of Hindu women studying in the High School or attending college lectures, but the great masses of women do not even conceive of such a possibility. Even in my own large and progressive town of Vellore, there is grave debate over the advisability of a primary education for the girls of the family. As early and elaborate a marriage as possible, a lord and master to serve, gossip in the courtyard and at the well-curb, the day's dinner, babies, cosmetics and ceremonies to be attended to,—that is the life of the real Hindu woman, according to all traditions. A woman's very weakness and emptiness is powerful—an effectual drag on the most progressive of husbands, with the result that he is driven to airing reform theories outside which he cannot carry out at home. As is only to be expected from this, the great majority of the students now enrolled in the college are drawn from the Christians, who have no such obstacles, but an ambition limited only by scarcity of funds. Gradually the number of Hindus will increase and the graduates,—both Hindu and Christian, will be the leaders of the awakening of India's women, and therefore the leaders of the new India.

And yet, the most distinctive feature of Madras Women's College is its decidedly Indian atmosphere. It is not a model of either Wellesley or Girton. It is Christian, it is scholarly,—but it is thoroughly Indian. The great, rambling house which is temporarily its home, is modestly screened from the street by a wide garden and luxuriant banyan trees.

In this seclusion the girls live and study,—girls with all the gentle sweetness and modest charm which has been characteristic of Indian women from the days of Sita. To infuse into their characters a strength and independence of purpose which will not destroy that gentleness,—to train them in executive ability and savoir faire without turning liberty into license,—is the very delicate task of the Anglo-Saxon women who live with these future leaders. Right here the American college girl, with her training in athletics, organization, and all the different sorts of legitimate and valuable non-academic activity, can be of tremendous help.

The college is supported equally by English and American societies. The constitution calls for equal representation on the Faculty,—an English principal, an American Vice-principal, and so on. The big thing missing in that college to-day is the American teachers. There is not one,—not even a Vice-principal. The committee in America is searching far and wide for at least two teachers to send out immediately. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Durant wrote, with entire confidence in the mettle of his girls, "We will send you all the Wellesley girls you want as teachers." Is there not one of the present time who can keep that promise? be worthy of that confidence? The world is much smaller now than it was then. Madras boasts electric light and all such modern luxuries. Far more than that, India is the pioneer country of the modern world,—the land whose complete renaissance lies just ahead.

Have you ever wished yourself an Alice Freeman Palmer? As I looked at that picture bearing her signature, I thought of many things in her life. She became great because she had vision and she was not afraid. She left home. She stepped out boldly from everything usual and did the unusual. The result is Wellesley College, and women's higher education taken for granted in America. Are there no Alice Freeman Palmers left? India needs one.

The immediate needs of Madras College are for two instructors, one of Philosophy and Economics, the other of Mathematics and some one Science, to found those respective departments when the college reopens on July 1, 1916, or soon after. One of these two will be the Vice-principal of the college. The language of the classroom is entirely English, both because of government requirements, and because all of the six South Indian languages are represented. It is English that might well make the American college girl blush for shame, too. The college is emphatically Christian, for it is firmly believed that education without pure religious teaching to replace outgrown superstitions, will lead only to shipwreck. Anyone of you who feels at all interested in this proposition is urged to write Mrs. L. W. Peabody, Beverly, Mass., for full information before considering further.

WANTED: People with the vision to see the possibilities in this job, and the grit to take it!

CHARLOTTE C. WYCKOFF, 1915.

Vellore, South India, December 9, 1915.